

The Other Life

A Collection of Poems

July 2013

Threads

Light
against her skin
flecks of inner being

Truth
of the love
ready to give, to take

Power
to know that time
is a single thread balanced

Buttons

Sitting on the bench, the lady in red, began to cry.
To the sky she begged, stop your rains, I wish to fly.
Send me your powerful winds, for I have been wronged
Poor soul, she could not get where she longed
Unable to breathe in her buttons of black, she sobbed
We all, young girl, too have been robbed.

Heels

Sleek ultimate power to a point
is how you define your nights.
Slip it on, step into dark streets
wet, smooth, polished like the
lips pink and gold. That sip and move
to join the eyes asking, seeking.

The thrill of the city lying beneath.

Waiting in the glossy splendor to create
looks, alter steps, change minds. Glamour has
patience, calling for an energy to come,
evolve into true satisfaction. Can you become
who you are, that which you desire in
swirling palettes of sheen? Will you find

the match to the splendor you carry?